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# High Lights of Chattanooga History

1828 :: 1917

## CIVIL WAR PERIOD

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Confederate Occupation

Federal Occupation

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Battle of Chickamauga

Siege of Chattanooga

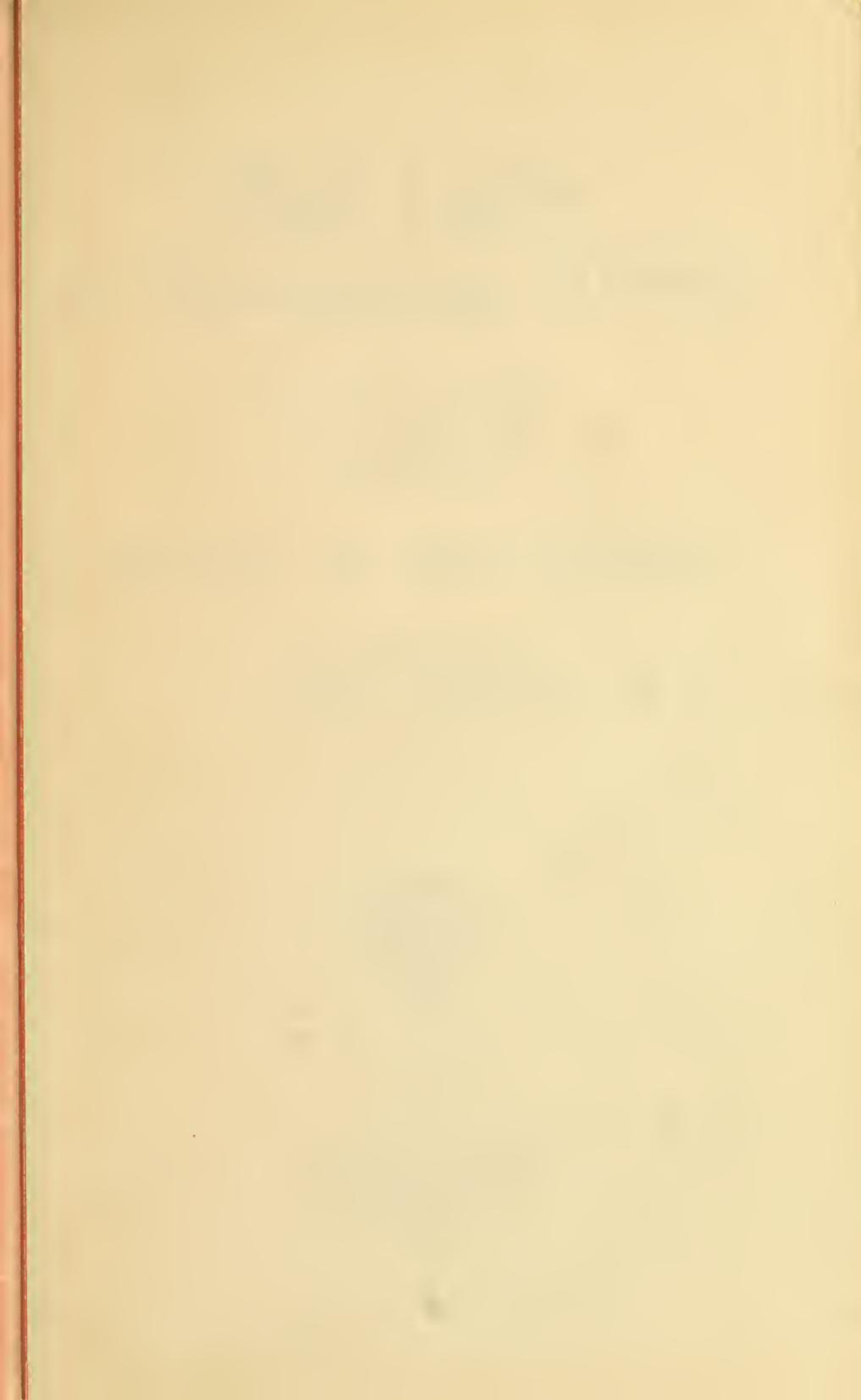
Battles Around Chattanooga

Battle of Chattanooga



By HENRY M. WILTSE







# High Lights of Chattanooga History

Turned on in Advance  
from Chapters of a  
Forthcoming

## HISTORY OF CHATTANOOGA

Being Prepared by  
HENRY M. WILTSE



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# High Lights of Chattanooga History

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By HENRY M. WILTSE

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Chattanooga history began with the Cherokee Indians. They chose these environments for their homes because of natural beauties and other attractions: fertility of soil, abundance of fish, fruits, game, etc. Whence came the Cherokee we know not with certainty, but little is the doubt that they were of Iroquoian origin. Their title to the lands they held came, as they expressed it, "from the Great Spirit." They were of the trusting, reverent peoples whose untutored minds "see God in clouds and hear Him in the wind." They became turbulent when the white man made them so. It should be said that most of the diabolism laid to their charge was committed by a renegade offshoot, tribe or clan, which became known as the Chickamaugas.

Their relations to the Cherokee were much like those of a considerable number of civilized white men who should become malcontents and apostates from civilization and organize themselves into a band of outlaws and cutthroats.

John Ross, so long the great principal Cherokee chief, and Lewis Ross, his brother, having attended school at Kingston, Tennessee, and arrived at maturity, came here and established a trading post on the Tennessee River. From this Ross's Landing took its name. Only shortly before the Indians were removed from this vicinity by force of arms, did the name become Chattanooga, and the original appellation was used to a considerable extent even by residents, for more than a decade.

It was during what was popularly known as the Cherokee War, officially as the Cherokee Disturbance, that Chattanooga received its first artificial impetus in the aggregation of humanity and in business advancement which gave it promise of becoming a city. Substantial numbers of troops had been stationed here in a period extending from the spring of 1836 to the fall of 1838. Many Indians had meantime been gathered here for expulsion from their native land and favorite haunts. Thus large demand was made upon the resources of territory round about, to feed troops and captives. Whole fleets of flatboats

came down the river with agricultural supplies of every kind the soil would yield under such encouragement as could then be given it, and farmers came from every quarter, bringing their offerings in crude vehicles of varied descriptions as well as nondescript. So Chattanooga in reality received its very cradling in war, for this great tragedy of the Cherokee was in reality that. And the place was destined to much familiarity with war; to have its fortunes greatly affected by military interests for many decades.

Captain John P. Long, one of the most prominent early settlers, spoke of the prosperity the community had enjoyed just before and during removal days, and said it was determined by the people that the town should have a name other than one expressing the idea of a "mere landing." A meeting was called "at the schoolhouse" for the purpose of selecting a name. Numbers were proposed, of which "Albion" seemed the favorite. It was suggested by the white cliffs of Walden's Ridge.

Opposed to the name Chattanooga was urged that it was ugly, if not indeed outlandish. To Albion, commonness was a chief objection. In favor of Chattanooga was emphasized that it was unique, and had an interesting local significance; it was the name of a neighboring stream of some importance, and of a mountain in the vicinity. What the word signifies was not known then, and is matter of interesting uncertainty, now. Captain Long said the meaning had been lost in antiquity. Interest in the subject has "grown by what it fed on" and become much more than merely local. It has long been nation-wide if not world-wide. Theories relating to it have been numerous, and of character ranging from closely akin of ludicrous to ingenius. Perhaps in one of them lies truth and correct solution.

An informant who was here in 1828, long before there was any town or even promise of one, said he understood from Indians of the vicinity that the word meant something relative to contour, and it was thought signified in substance, "a hawk sitting on a nest," therefore, he thought the real significance was "hawk's nest."

In 1904 a letter bearing no other signature than "Indian" was sent to the writer of this, saying the word signifies "difficulty", which was suggested to the Indian mind on seeing the great river halted by Lookout Mountain and compelled to turn so suddenly, as if going back, then dashing away as if in utter incertitude of direction, in blind, infuriate search for a way over or through those sturdy barricades of nature to that far off goal, the sea.

An aged Choctaw told the late Daniel P. Henderson that the word was of his language, meaning the end of Choctaw possessions, or the point where they terminate.

Chaplain Thomas B. Van Horne said a similar name was applied by the Cherokee to the cliffs above town, and derived from *Clanwoowah*, the name of a diminutive hawk which was supposed to embody the spirit of the tribe. These cliffs were its favorite nesting-place. This writer also said Chattanooga was the name of a small Indian hamlet situated near the base of Lookout Mountain, on the bank of Chattanooga Creek; that in the Cherokee language the name imported "to draw fish out of the water."

A writer for the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, says "Tsatanugi" was the Cherokee name for some point on the creek entering Tennessee River at Chattanooga, and the ancient name was "Atlanuwa." The Cherokee knew nothing concerning the significance of "Tsatanugi" in their language, and thought it must be of Chickasaw (Choctaw) origin. But Atlanuwa, they said, meant hawk-hole, the old name for a bluff that was formidable at the point where Market Street reaches the river.

Louis L. Parham, who published our first city directory, asserted that the significance was "Crow's Foot."

Doctor L. Y. Park was a young man when the Indians were removed, and he said the word came from "Chatta," a fish, and "nooga," to bring—meaning "fish bringer," Chattanooga Creek being so called on account of the great number of fish that went up the stream at high stages of the river.

Joshua Ross, nephew of Chief John, informed Miss Zella Armstrong that he found in the living Creek language "Chat-to-to-noog-gee," the literal meaning of which is "rock coming to a point," a cliff or bluff, or overhanging rocks. This, of course, very plainly indicates Point Lookout, and seems a most plausible theory regarding the meaning of our name. Especially does it seem so taken in connection with what Captain Long said, that Chattanooga was the original name of Lookout Mountain, "given to it long before the coming of the Cherokees." The historian Ramsey speaks of a mountain called Chattanooga, and in 1818 Reverend Elias Cornelius explained in Voyages and Travels, that "the Look-Out Mountain" was, in Cherokee language without the aspirated sounds, "O-tullee-tou-tanna-ta-kunnd-ee," literally, "mountains looking at each other." This fancy might well be justified by Lookout Mountain and Walden's Ridge; Raccoon Mountain perhaps being also entitled to a place in the picture.

The origin and meaning of Lookout as the name for our guardian mountain has much import in connection with the investigation of what the word Chattanooga signifies, but space limitation forbids the explanation here.

Green McCurtain, not long since principal chief of the Choctaw

Nation, thought the name Chattanooga came from two Choctaw words. Chatta, meaning the Choctaw tribe, and Anoka, signifying potato-house.

We may yet suspect the significance of our name is lost in antiquity as Captain Long said, and we may well believe it had no Cherokee origin, knowing that neither did the word Cherokee itself. It is but a corruption. Their true name was Yun'wiya, or Ani-Yun-Wiya, meaning real people, or principal people.

That *chahta* is indicated by Standard Dictionary as the real name for Choctaw language, may have no further value than as a mere interesting fact in connection with the discussion.

Having received its new name, the little settlement was chartered as a town in 1841, and received its "magna charta" or charter as a city, December 5, 1851. The first city council meeting was held January 5, 1852, and the first ordinance passed after one merely providing for organization, was entitled "An Ordinance to Regulate Slaves, Free Blacks and Mulattos within the City of Chattanooga."

Three important events marked the year 1838: The town received its new name of Chattanooga; the name of the post office, which had been established as Ross's Landing in April of the preceding year, was changed accordingly, and the last contingent of Cherokee departed for their dreary and tragical journey to the new home which had been chosen for them, beyond the Mississippi.

This enforced removal made up finally one of the saddest chapters in the book of time. It "may well exceed in grief and pathos any other passage in American history," according to a report made to and published by the Bureau of American Ethnology. A soldier who witnessed much of it and later become a Confederate colonel, said, "I fought through the Civil War and saw men shot to pieces by thousands, but the Cherokee removal was the cruellest work I ever saw." Over four thousand of them, nearly one-fourth of the Nation, died as the direct result; one of them being the accomplished wife of Chief John Ross. The Cherokee, in their own expressive language of imagery, knew the wretched exodus as "The Trail of Tears."

Nothing of special consequence occurred from this period until the contemplated building of Western & Atlantic Railroad stirred the enterprising citizens to sense of danger that the road would be built to the Georgia line, simply, or continued to Harrison, the county seat, and not come to Chattanooga at all. Georgia authorities thought the river was the only inducement this late "mere landing" could offer, and declared it was not navigable for enough distance nor sufficient months in the year, to justify consideration of it as a terminal or even a touching point. With a small steamboat, many oxen, horses, plows, road-scrappers and a moderate force of men, those plucky early Chatta-

noogans set to work in the hope of demonstrating the contrary, and they did, proving that the stream could be navigated from Knoxville and even further up, to Decatur, nine months in the year. The Georgians conceded the fact; the road came, its first train arriving in December, 1849. Soon after, a delegation came from Charleston, South Carolina, bringing a vessel filled with ocean water, which was ceremoniously poured into the river, in token of the marriage of ocean with stream.

"Ninth Street went up like a rocket into a village," according to "Andy Williams." It became necessary to pave Market with planks, or make of it a plank road from Ninth to the river, and numbers of persons who lived well into the twentieth century remembered when they could have walked from the one point to the other on bales of cotton, and flatboats were fairly wedged together, lining the bank from the bluffs above Market Street to down near Pine, a distance of five or six blocks. Yet Judge O. P. Temple, who was here over Sunday, in 1850, said, "The houses were then straggling from about the spot where the Read House now stands down toward the river, along probably Main Street." (Of course Market.) "There were few of them, and they were very insignificant. Even then, however, there was considerable business done in grain, bacon, lumber, etc."

It was in this year that our first foundry and machine shop, and our first coke furnace were erected.

The Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad was completed and trains over its tracks reached Chattanooga in February, 1854.

If there was not a boom in 1858, something enough like one to enlist the interest of visitors was existent. Strother, or Port Crayon, representing Harper's Magazine, was here with a party, and they stopped at the Crutchfield House. Of things typical Strother wrote:

"The hotel was swarming with people arriving and departing with the trains, east, west, north and south, hurrying to and fro with eager looks, as if lives, fortunes, and sacred honor hung upon the events of the next hour. All the corners and by-places were filled with groups in earnest conversation; some were handling bundles of papers, others examining maps. Rolls of banknotes were exhibited, and net purses with red gold gleaming through their silken meshes. In the confusion of tongues the ear could catch the words: 'Plots'—'stocks'—'quarter sections'—'depot'—'dividends'—'township'—'railroads'—'terminus'—'ten thousands'—'hundred thousands'—'millions.' The Squire, impatient to get his coffee, peeped into the breakfast room. The waiters were trading coats." From a negotiation of this kind only a paragraph must be indulged:

"I tell you what, I'll give you dis coat for a dollar and a

half and take your paper at nine months, or if you like better, one dollar cash on the button."

These conditions were quite probably due in part at least to completion of the Memphis & Charleston Railroad to Stevenson, from which point trains came in over the Nashville & Chattanooga tracks.

The same year, destruction of a bacon warehouse by fire, directed attention of certain citizens to the utter defenselessness of the town, and our first fire organization resulted; of course, a very primitive one.

Social and political conditions prior to the Civil War were about as usual throughout the Central South, except for more division of sentiment regarding slavery and possible disunion. Numbers of families owned slaves, and larger numbers, perhaps, disapproved of slavery. A paper called *The Southern Confederacy* was conducted by J. P. Hambleton, whom Doctor Thomas H. McCallie described as "a very bright, strong, racy writer." Proceeding, Doctor McCallie said, "He was about as hot and extreme on the Southern side as Wendell Phillips on the Abolition side. His paper did not have a long life. It was in an uncongenial atmosphere." It was so with a paper at Harrison, called *The Unconditional*, which was a radical sheet from the Union standpoint. So, conservatism may be said to have been the nature of political tendency.

When war came, most of the men allied themselves with the Confederate cause and the town without resistance became a stronghold thereof. It remained thus until September 9th, 1863, when Col. Smith D. Atkins, commanding the 92nd Illinois, entered and flung the Stars and Stripes afloat at Crutchfield House. Those tri colors have been the prevailing fashion here ever since. Of the stupendous struggle hereabout incident to the restoration of that flag, more general history has told in unnumbered volumes.

After Federal occupation, social life was for long a negligible quantity. The town was a great military camp, and with the exception of officers' headquarters, there was little sign of other interests. It is true the government assumed the functions of a business concern, and engaged in pretty much every line that could be thought of under existing conditions. It built a rolling mill, established waterworks, built warehouses, operated steamboat and telegraph lines, planing mills, saw mills, shingle mills; erected dwellings, barracks, etc.; repaired harness, and turned out all kinds of military equipment needed for the instant emergencies.

A glance at the history is quoted from a tablet standing on the site of Redoubt Jones, by the customhouse. The inscription has sanction of the Chickamauga-Chattanooga National Military Park Commission:

"This city was first occupied by Confederate troops in the spring of 1862, under Generals Floyd, Maxey and Ledbetter. Union troops under General Mitchell shelled it June 7th and 8th. Bragg's army occupied it in August, preparing for the Kentucky campaign. Again in the fall, on its return from Kentucky, and in the summer of 1863, when retiring before General Rosecrans from Middle Tennessee. Wilder shelled the city from Stringer's Ridge, August 21st.

"Bragg evacuated it September 7th and 8th, and a small Union force took possession. Rosecrans occupied it in force the second morning after the Battle of Chickamauga, and thereafter it remained in Union control. Thomas succeeded Rosecrans October 19th.

"Grant took general command October 23rd. A short line of supplies to Bridgeport by Brown's Ferry was opened October 28th, upon a plan devised by General Rosecrans. Hooker's forces arrived in Lookout Valley on that date and fought the Battle of Wauhatchie. Sherman's troops crossed the Tennessee above the city during the night of November 23rd. On that day the Army of the Cumberland carried Orchard Knob.

"November 24th, Hooker's column captured the north slope of Lookout Mountain. On November 25th, Missionary Ridge, excepting Cleyburn's position at Tunnell Hill and the intervening line of Walthall's stand north of DeLong's, was carried by Grant's combined armies, Bragg retreating to Dalton."

It is good that drollery sometimes crops out in war. Federal and Confederate pickets were posted on opposite sides of Chattanooga Creek, all taking water supplies therefrom. General Grant rode out to inspect the lines, and as he was sure to be within short-range fire of the Confederates, he took with him only a bugler, who followed at a distance. Grant, approaching the picket guard camp of the Federal lines, heard the order, "Turn out the guard for the commanding general!"

"Never mind the guard," he directed.

Not far away were the guards of Confederate pickets, and he heard, almost like an echo, from that side, the order, "Turn out the guard to salute the commanding general"; and before he had opportunity to decide what was going on, the added words "General Grant," explained a unique pleasantry. The line formed, front faced to the north and saluted the commanding general—"General Grant," who promptly returned the most unexpected courtesy.

In December, 1863, the United States took possession of ground for a National Cemetery, and occupied it at once for such purpose,

acquiring title later, by condemnation and purchase. Final decree in condemnation was obtained February 20th, 1869. The cemetery proper occupies seventy-five and a half acres. With the adjacencies, there is a total of one hundred and twenty-nine and forty-three one-hundredths acres.

The total burials, stated October 29th, 1917, was 13,744.

Some of the more important military men here during the Civil War were Grant, Rosecrans, Thomas, Sherman, Wood, O. O. Howard, Garfield, Lytle, Bragg, Longstreet, D. H. Hill, Polk, Forrest, Hood, Buckner and John Morgan.

Every president of the United States since Lincoln has visited Chattanooga, though not all while in office.

After the war was over, social conditions were very simple for a time, and not a little confused. We had about as cosmopolitan a community as could well be imagined. There was, of course, some sectional animosity, for the home people who had been here during Federal occupancy, remained, and those who had gone away when that was imminent, came back, while there were large influxes of families from the North, most of them headed by men who had borne arms for the Union. The range of social life might be told at a glance by saying we had types all the way from "The Proud Miss McBride" to an unfortunate who passed her nights in an abandoned government coffin, at the "Car Shed." Sectional bitterness did not prove an enduring sentiment in most instances. In offices, business houses and on the streets, Federal and Confederate captains, majors, colonels and generals were all the time being brought into contact, and soon learned how to struggle together, shoulder to shoulder, for repair of the damage done by both sides during four years of hatred and struggle for supremacy. In the court rooms, lawyers late of the gray and lawyers recently of the blue, almost forgot what colors they had respectively worn, they were all such good fellows and fast friends. The deadly malady of sectional hatred could not last long, even indoors, under such conditions, and in 1885 a local writer, speaking of social conditions here, was able to truthfully say:

"We intermingle, we enjoy each other's society, we indulge to a moderate degree in the pleasures of fashion; but as a rule our social affairs are conducted on the go-as-you-please or do-as-you-please plan. The latchstrings of our doors are always out to each other. Our hearts and homes are open to the deserving stranger who would be a friend. Sectionalism has as little place in society as in business. Ostracism is not known. He or she who would assume the role of astracizer would straightway become by common consent, a conspicuous ostracizee."

Chattanooga had felt the breath of war three times before that most momentous period of its history, the Civil War. Probably in 1835, Darlin A. Wilder rode away at the head of a company of horse, to participate in the Seminole wars just then renewed. From 1836 to 1838, the Cherokee Removal Campaign was a much more intimate and important reminder of Mars, and in 1847 numbers of troops on their way to Mexico stopped here for short periods, to rest and obtain supplies.

In those days of transition just after the Civil War the "Chattanooga Spirit" was brought forth from the fallow in which it had reposed too long, and it has become a slogan of nation-wide if not of world-wide interest. This spirit was born before Chattanooga owned a more pretentious name than Ross's Landing.

At points marked now by Ninth and Market and Eighth and Market, were goodly sized ponds. In them were large trees and numbers of large watersnakes. Women gathered at their edges to do the weekly washings for their families or their employers. In the upper one some school boys had been playing, and seeking new diversion they passed down the "road," now Market Street, to the front of Capehart House, where important local men were discussing the important town and its prospects.

One of the men was B. Rush Montgomery, lawyer and promoter. Another was James A. Whiteside, probably most important of all. Mr. Montgomery asked the boys to indicate where they believed the center of the world to be located. They responded according to their respective lights. Some said it was in New York City, and others suggested Philadelphia. Most of them, however, favored Baltimore.

"No, boys," said Montgomery; "if I were going to show you the center of the world, I would go up there and stick my cane right in that pond where you have just been playing."

The proper Chattancogan has always thought and always will believe that B. Rush Montgomery was very nearly right. If he missed it at all, it was only by the distance of a few city blocks.

After the Civil War dwellers here constantly found interests to bring them into closer bonds of sympathy and encourage them to dwell together in unity and work in harmony. Some of these inspirations came in the forms of disaster. The first of moment was the great flood of March, 1867—the greatest that has ever visited Chattanooga. The river reached a height of fifty-eight and five one-hundredths feet, and, of course, much mischief was done. So serious was the situation, and so completely was the town in every respect isolated, that neighboring communities heard and believed the entire population had been drowned. The most conspicuous salient of this flood was loss of the Military

Bridge, which had spanned the river from foot of Market Street. It was built by Federal authorities, during the Civil War, principally in 1864.

In September, 1867, the famed Crutchfield House was burned.

In December, 1870, the county seat was removed from Harrison to Chattanooga.

November 10th, 1871, our greatest fire occurred. It started at the southwest corner of Eighth and Market streets and swept northward, consuming everything on the west side of Market Street to the building now numbered 707.

June 21st, 1873, our only visitation of Asiatic cholera began. The exodus by rail and river, public roads, across country, through field and forest was tragic. Of five or six hundred persons who remained, one hundred and thirty died. A financial panic this year greatly distressed Chattanooga.

In 1875 the second flood of consequence came, next to that of 1867, in magnitude, the highest point being fifty-three feet, eleven and three-fourths inches.

In this year our first street railroad line was laid, extending from Ninth Street to the river. Later it was extended to Montgomery Avenue, now called Main Street.

In 1876, we held our greatest Fourth of July celebration.

In 1877 President and Mrs. Hayes were entertained, being accompanied by Secretary of State William M. Evarts, Postmaster General David M. Key and General Wade Hampton.

In 1878 came our greatest calamity, in form of yellow fever. Most of the population refugeeed, leaving a minimum number for the enemy's vengeance, but of the few who remained three hundred and sixty-six, by estimate, died.

In 1882, Sheriff Cate and his chief deputy, John J. Conway, were murdered by the Taylor brothers, at Philadelphia, in Loudon County, while taking John Taylor to Knoxville for hearing by the Supreme Court on charge of murdering Captain Fletcher, a steamboat man.

In 1883, a prolonged smallpox epidemic occurred, costing much money and some three hundred lives. There were six hundred and eighty cases.

In 1884, we again very elaborately celebrated the Fourth of July.

In 1886, the third flood befell, and reached a stage of fifty-two and two-tenths feet.

In 1887, a fire of comparative insignificance in the general sense.

cost Firemen's Peak and Iler their lives. It was in their honor that Firemen's Fountain was erected.

In 1888, Griffis-Caldwell Block and a number of other buildings were burned. The famous Tschopik's Garden was obliterated. James P. McMillin, Will Krug, David Welch and Richard Scott perished. Several others were seriously injured.

March 12, 1891, the noted "Tin Banquet" was given commemorating the manufacture of basic steel at Southern Iron Works. Chattanooga Chamber of Commerce was host, and a large number of distinguished guests were present, including many United States senators and representatives, one of them being William McKinley.

Columbus Day was elaborately celebrated in 1892, with exercises at the courthouse, in which the public schools figured most conspicuously.

In 1893, the Southern Express Company moved its headquarters here, and an elaborate banquet was given in honor of the occasion and the company officials, at Lookout Inn.

In 1895, the National Military Park was dedicated, the exercises lasting practically a week, and covering Chickamauga battle anniversary.

In 1897, Richardson building was burned. Samuel M. Patton and Boyd Ewing were killed.

In 1898, the War with Spain caused mobilization at the Military Park of men aggregating seventy-five thousand.

March 3, 1902, Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the present Kaiser, paid us his first and probably last visit. With him was the now noted Von Tirpitz. Admiral Robley D. Evans was the official escort on behalf of the United States. Prince Henry declared that the view from Lookout Mountain was the finest he had ever seen.

In 1909, we entered upon the experiment of Commission Government for the city. The Municipal Record was established, and the city became for the first time a publisher.

Nineteen Hundred and Seventeen was destined to be one of our epochal and most momentous years. It lost little time in beginning the salients of its career. The fourth and least flood surprised us after more than three decades respite and an acquired confidence that we had seen the last of this menace. While least of floods, it caused an aggregate of damage and distress, probably exceeding any other, because it found so many more persons here; so greatly increased numbers of homes and business places to invade. No other had been so systematically and skillfully met. Many older residents had become flood wise, and we had an excellent flood warning system; really efficient telephone service, and a thorough electric car establishment; all highly

competent weapons. But we possessed a more potent one, never before at hand in flood times—the automobile.

The water crest registered forty-seven and seven-tenths feet.

Scarcely had the recession been realized when war with Germany was declared and Chattanooga “flew to arms” with such promptitude and zeal that the overflow was almost forgotten before mobilization of troops and civilian workers at Fort Oglethorpe began.

Up to the middle of October these had probably aggregated fifty thousand. The twenty-fourth of that month a great Liberty Bond demonstration was made on the streets, and seventy-five hundred soldiers bearing arms were in the procession. It proved a most impressive function, stimulating both patriotism and confidence as to the outcome of the war. Col. Abner Pickering, in command at Fort Oglethorpe, was accorded much deserved praise.

In the summer of this year occurred a serious strike of textile workers, and later two street railway employee strikes entirely stopped car traffic. Two mob demonstrations occurred, both attended by fighting, injuries to persons and wanton destruction of property. In the second, one man was killed. Early in December, two attempts were made to destroy cars and passengers by dynamite.

In August our first incinerator plant was put in operation, and in the fall a \$1,100,000 bridge across Tennessee River from the foot of Market Street was given to public use.

In 1898, while the War with Spain was in progress, seventy-five thousand troops were mobilized at the National Military Park. Again in 1917, we saw all the pomp and circumstance of war that usually attend without the dread reality in actual presence. Hundreds of German prisoners were confined there.

Little as many of our people realized the fact, and unwilling as all who did know, were to own the truth, Chattanooga was on the verge of serious decline when the year 1898 began. The leaves of the tree that sprung up on American soil the twenty-third of April were for the healing of the nations, and the great encampment was the healing of Chattanooga. Of course, great sums of money were expended here, and in addition to this, large numbers of our citizens who would not have otherwise been materially affected, found profitable employment at liberal rates of compensation, and many others engaged in various enterprises under concessions. Some of them thus built up little fortunes in a few weeks. The effects of all this soon began to appear in repaired roofs, additions to houses, new residences and new business buildings, occupied houses which had too long borne the sinister legend “for rent,” and the city began to grow in a way that seemed difficult to understand. It literally leaped into a new status; took on new life,

assumed theretofore unknown features of metropolitan activity, and in fine began to become a city. Those who had lived here for decades and knew everybody, were known by everybody, began to meet upon the streets thousands of persons they did not know; to find themselves unknown to these new comers, but soon discovered that they were here to stay and were helping to run the town just as if they had always been here and had been accustomed to this line of conduct all of their lives. So Chattanooga took an impetus from 1898 that will never realize check or deflection, and she will become a large city as her builders of the old days and of now, confidently believe.

### But what of 1917?

Eighteen thousand coal miners had been on strike in the district. Grievous car shortage had afflicted Chattanooga. Mid October found us confronted by emergent fuel dearth. Large yards were without a scuttleful of coal, and a few days later men of means were buying in dollar quantities, some carrying home their allowances in automobiles. But Chattanooga Spirit failed not nor was cast down. It cheerily faced the east and saluted the rising sun. Economy was practiced, and gradually supplies came in saving quantities.

"Sweep away the illusion of time! Compress three score years into three minutes!" From our tawny predecessors, congregated for expulsion from their homes, to our soldiers mobilized in preparation for helping to stamp German militarism from the fair earth, seems a mighty reach. But numbers of citizens have attained to more years than compass the interval. A woman is here who lived in the cabin which was the southernmost outpost of civilization at Ross's Landing, and the spot is now numbered 728 Market Street. There her father captured alive a rattlesnake hidden in the puncheon floor, and set it on a stump near where Eighth and Market streets conjoin, that the sun might render its oil for medicament. This woman played on Bald Hill with little Indian girls, and that is now covered by the custom-house and a dozen other important buildings. She later lived near Bald Knob, now Orchard Knob, where she saw both Indians and soldiers sent to deport them; she knew Straw Tavern, in all its evil, grisly eminence. She knew two "graveyards" now under principal residential sections. She heard the first church bell, which was improvised of a druggists' mortar and a tongue fixed in by William Lewis, blacksmith, who bought his freedom and his wife's with anvil strokes. May A. Frist is witness.

A man who lived until 1913 saw "wig'wams thick as trees"; saw deer in dozen droves on Missionary Ridge; was chased by wild hogs in territory now our ninth ward. He was Andy Williams.

One who lived well into the twentieth century hunted here by Cherokee permission when there was neither hut nor wigwam nor human

inhabitant within the territory now covered by Chattanooga and its suburbs, with exception of one tepee. He was George W. Rodebaugh.

Again the illusion of time! The man is living here who placed our first power elevator and who brought the first typewriter. Joseph C. Vance may testify. Another dwells here and is head of a leading business house who regretfully refused to buy a typewriter because he really couldn't see what he could "do with one of those things if he had it."

Living Mary A. Frist can say she saw these marvels of the earlier days. Her husband killed thirty-two snakes in the flats south of East Eleventh Street, the day before their wedding, in 1852. In her day have occurred things upon an area of a few square miles, that prove what pranks and wonders time can play within a lifetime—as make a wild hog chase a frightened boy up a tree, and almost within the shadow-range of that same tree place a world on dress parade: enact tragedies and achievements of war in prodigiousness till now unknown elsewhere—accomplish triumphs of peace that seem like creations of imagination, wellnigh impossible to reality. Yet, both of these living witnesses who have been called, are young enough in mind and spirit to exclaim with the genial Holmes:

"Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite!  
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty tonight."

The foregoing was prepared by the author of this booklet, for Gravure Illustration Company, of Chicago, and is used by their courtesy. That and what follows have been selected from chapters of a forthcoming History of Chattanooga, which will be a work of 800 pages or more, and give hundreds of details that have made up the history of Chattanooga—introducing many persons of more and persons of less local renown; also such incidents of their lives, characters, adventures, joys and sorrows, as go to make up a FOLK HISTORY, which the large work will in great measure prove itself, having been collected during many years, from original research.

Orders will be received, payments to be made on delivery of the work.

Address:

HENRY M. WILTSE,  
1023 East Twelfth Street,  
Chattanooga, Tennessee.

To which address mail orders for this booklet should be sent. Price, 50 cents.

## CIVIL WAR TIMES

Chattanooga furnished interests for history throughout the War; before and during Confederate occupation and while the Federals occupied, not excluding the days of siege. The little that can be told here will be given in form embracing all of the periods, without great particularity as to chronology.

Mrs. John B. Nicklin was a school girl, daughter of Daniel Kaylor. A few years since, she related some reminiscences to the local Confederate Memorial Association, from which slight requisition is made by permission. Confederate troops often passed through, on their way to Virginia, and the girls were fond of going to see them at the railroad station. Several companies went from here into the Confederate service, and each was given a flag by the citizens. For the ceremonial presentations, young ladies were selected as speakers. General Bragg was in command of forces here, and she often saw him riding his iron gray horse. She deemed him a splendid looking soldier, and he was reputed a most strict disciplinarian. She often saw soldiers sitting on coffins in wagons, on their way to the Citizens' Cemetery, to be shot for desertion. It seems to have been a pretty common offense in those days, and probably grew in large measure out of political predilection rather than disinclination to military service. Thomas R. Harris says he piloted twenty deserters from here at one time, on their way to the Union lines.

From the southwest corner of Georgia Avenue east to "A" Street and south to Eighth, extended a splendid grove, which in days of peace had been much used for picnics, political gatherings, etc. It was now filled, said Mrs. Nicklin, with tents of Confederate soldiers. The women organized for the purpose of supplying food at the hospitals. Mrs. Nicklin's mother used to take her along sometimes, when the days for her visits came, and the young girl was greatly distressed by the sight of dead soldiers in such numbers.

Friday, August 9th, according to her recollection, had been designated by President Jefferson Davis as a day of fasting and prayer throughout the Confederacy. Rev. Doctor B. M. Palmer, of New Orleans, was officiating here at the First Presbyterian Church, then at the northeast corner of Seventh and Market Streets. Federal forces commenced throwing shells into town, from north of the river.

"There was of course much excitement and confusion—soldiers leaving in haste to join their regiments, women crying in fright." Mrs. Nicklin and her mother were among the last to leave church. They saw people fleeing in every direction, eager to find places of safety. Many went to Boyce and other nearby places, returning in a few days, after excitement had somewhat subsided.

Next time the place was shelled, August 21st, presumably, the

Kaylor's "went out into the country," as it was then considered, the refuge being at Mr. Ruohs's home, between East End Avenue and McCallie Avenue viaduct. "The house was filled with their relations and friends, and not thinking it safe to return to town, my father rented the place across the road from the Ruohs place, afterwards known as the Nixon Flower Garden. \* \* \* I was in town with my father the day they crossed the river, and on returning to our country home, what was our surprise to be stopped by a guard in blue uniform, at our fence corner. \* \* \* The Ruohs home was between the two armies, and during a skirmish my mother would gather up something to eat in one hand and the baby in the other, and fly across the road to the Ruohs house cellar, followed by my father with the other children. \* \* \* There the families would remain until the firing ceased and it was safe to return home."

Several days later the Kaylor's were ordered to vacate the "country" home and return to town, worse conditions being expected. "And sure enough, firing commenced one night. My mother started to town on foot, the baby in her arms. It was late and very dark, no road, not even a path. Trees had been cut down to make fortifications, over which she had to climb. In the confusion she got separated from my father. It was past midnight when she reached home in town, very tired and suffering with thirst. \* \* \* The wells and cisterns were nearly dry, and it was almost impossible to find water enough for her to drink. That was a dry summer, the dust almost a foot deep. I never knew the river to be so low, before nor since. The town was full of half starved soldiers. Supplies had been cut off. They would snatch food off the dishes before it could be brought to our table. I have seen them eating the dry corn on the cob."

Many a Federal soldier saw soldiers snatching bits of crackers and kernels of corn, dropped in handling, and even "stealing" corn from the mules and artillery horses as they ate. This, of course, was during the siege. The artillery horses, being in no particular demand just then, "had their rations cut off, and they died in large numbers, starved to death," quoting General Henry M. Cist. Captain C. D. Mitchell, now a leading manufacturer, told the writer in 1917, that his most vivid impression of the town as he saw it in passing through, was "mud, and that a few streets were paved with government mules."

Before his arrival, General Grant had telegraphed Thomas that he must hold the place at all hazards, and Thomas had replied, "We will hold the town till we starve". Grant wrote, "I appreciated the force of this dispatch when I witnessed the condition of affairs which prompted it". Already about ten thousand animals had died of starvation, and of the beef cattle remaining, Grant declared "it was so poor that the soldiers were in the habit of saying, with faint facetiousness,

that they were living on half rations of hard bread and *beef dried on the hoof.*"

Mrs. S. C. Pyott is a daughter of the late James R. Allison, who lived here before, during, and long after the war. While they were living on West Seventh street, where is now St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Grant and Garfield visited them, to arrange for their safe removal. It was a warm day, and Garfield, seeing a white linen coat hanging on a hook, asked if he might take it. The request was promptly and willingly granted. Mrs. Allison was forced to secure permission from the provost marshal to use water from their own well, in order to keep the children from crying because of thirst. Mrs. Pyott said, "There was a constant stream of thirsty soldiers, and the water was cold." The Pyott family have an humble petition, prepared by Mr. Allison, begging permission to remain in his own house, from which he had been ordered to make place for a certain captain who had selected it for his headquarters. The truth that Mr. Allison had a large family, including a wife in delicate health, and only two habitable rooms for all, seemed at last to make impression, even through yards of red tape, and the Allisons remained at home.

Thomas Richardson was living in the old home, 316 Walnut street, which was made historic by becoming headquarters for distinguished commanders of both sides, among them, General John Morgan, General Breckenridge, General Rosecrans, and General Thomas. It was often visited by other distinguished men, such as Generals Grant and Sherman. Here, according to Joe G. Richardson, now a well known citizen, he and little Johnny Clem heard General Sherman say to Thomas Richardson, as they sat on the porch, discussing the absorbing topic, "Yes, Richardson, war is hell." The general may have made the observation on some other occasion, but manifestly it originated here, and its truth was more than once demonstrated here.

Johnny Clem was a drummer boy, of the 22nd Michigan Infantry, and is said to have been the youngest soldier in the Federal army. He became famous as the Drummer Boy of Chickamauga; so famous that Horace Greely gave him a drum, and the ladies of Chicago presented to him a splendid, complete uniform suited to his size, and many other honors were bestowed upon him. But there was another side to the picture. He and Joe Richardson were youngsters of opinions, and on at least one occasion they undertook to assert and enforce them by the use of "rocks." These they threw at small negro boys, and for the acts of belligerency, General Thomas caused them to be placed in jail for a night's reflection. But later the Rock of Chickamauga took keen interest in the youthful soldier, and helped him to acquire an education. He is now General John L. Clem, retired after long and honorable

service in the regular army. He was a visitor here in the fall of 1917.

Joe Richardson distinguished himself on another occasion. It was when the Confederates were in control here. Generals Breckenridge and John Morgan were boarding with the Richardsons. Joe discovered one morning that the fine carriage horses belonging to his father had been taken away. He had heard stories relative to the Morgan men and other peoples' horses, so he drew a conclusion. It was, as orators like to say punishment should sometimes be, "swift and condign." He rushed into the house, and without waiting to take his father aside for confidence and conference, bawled in loudest tones at his command: "Pa, General Morgan stole our horses, last night."

"What's that?" inquired Morgan, who of course overheard

"You stole our horses, last night," accused Joe to the great raider's face. The general quietly said to Mr. Richardson that he would investigate, and in an hour the horses were back in their stalls. Of course the general knew nothing of the taking, but he had influence with somebody who knew much.

During a shelling of Chattanooga, probably August 21, 1863, a shell exploded near the Richardson home and blew off the leg of a little neighborhood girl. This was the first bloody glimpse of war for Joe, and he declares to this day that he was so scared he ran wildly to the eastward and never stopped to take breath until he came up against the foot of Missionary Ridge. The wounded child recovered, and visited in Chattanooga not many years since. Another shell dropped into the Richardson yard and buried itself to a suitable depth without exploding. It remained until 1896, when a son of James T. Williamson, who then owned the property, dug it up and regarded it as a good relic.

With the R. W. Corbin family boarded a young lieutenant named Hogue. He had charge of an ambulance corps, and near the close of Missionary Ridge fight, invited Joe Richardson to accompany him to the field. Probably as boy and man, Joe many times regretted the lieutenant's good nature. They arrived on the field only a few minutes before the last regular fighting, and started for town with a number of wounded, forty or fifty of whom died before they reached the old warehouse, corner of Fourth and Market streets, where those who lived were given surgical attention. Joe dreamed of the battlefield sights for years after.

Frank Crutchfield was a boy of eight years, usually very busy at observation. He is now 'Squire Crutchfield, of Walker County, Georgia. His father was the late Honorable William Crutchfield, who had the memorable controversy with Jefferson Davis, at the Crutchfield House, just prior to the war. During the war, Mr. Crutchfield did

much valuable scouting service for Union officers, including Grant and Sheridan. Frank and his father were walking along by the corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets, when a cannon ball came rolling near them, after striking the baseboard of Doctor Green's fence, northwest corner. Of course Frank had no better sense than to follow the ball and pick it up, when he got a chance; but he had enough sense to drop it immediately, for it was hot.

Frank went hunting for his father as Missionary Ridge fight was opening, and had wandered to the spot now covered by an old cotton factory building, east of East End Avenue, just south of the Belt Line, when General Sheridan discovered him. "What are you doing here?" asked Sheridan. Frank told him he was "just hunting for pa." "Take that child home," he said to an orderly, and rode on, having business just then of perhaps even more importance than looking after the safety of a future Georgia justice of the peace. Frank's pa, just at that time, was with Grant and Thomas, on Orchard Knob or in that vicinity.

Frank and his brother Tom, two years older, were passed through the lines to visit their grandmother, at the home of their Uncle Tom, who lived at the present site of East Chattanooga on the farm later celebrated as Amnicola. They found the house converted into a hospital, and saw mens' arms and legs being amputated with handsaws.

While William Crutchfield was engaged in scouting service, Carter, an engineer for the Western & Atlantic Railroad, helped him, sometimes, by acquiring important information and giving it to him. Billy Fletcher was a blacksmith, working for the Nashville Road. Although strongly for the Confederate cause, he boarded at the Crutchfield home, where he was not without political sympathy, for Mrs. Crutchfield was so decidedly Southern in her opinions that her scout husband did not always impart to her all the information of war value that he picked up. At table one time, Crutchfield and Fletcher engaged in a warm dispute about the exact Confederate strength hereabout, in men, cannon, and all arms. Crutchfield finally grew so recklessly positive that he offered to bet five hundred dollars he was right. Fletcher took the bet, and soon after went to Atlanta, where he had means of fortifying his convictions with facts. He got them, wrote them down on paper, handed them to Mr. Crutchfield, who scratched his head, gave up the point, paid the bet, and then turned over the information to his Federal friends.

But being a good Union man did not always save Mr. Crutchfield's belongings from officious interference by Federal troops. Frank saw two "Yanks" kill their last cow, while old Sefe, his black mammy, was milking her. The Crutchfield family was distinctly "well-to-do" at least, but they had to live on limitations at times. Frank says they used so much rice that he does not like the look, taste or even smell of it to this day. They were without bread on at least one occasion, three

davs in succession. There was a good deal of hunger among civilians. Frank and Tom saw soldiers frying bacon, and the former says it gave forth the most delectable odor that ever came to his nostrils. The boys stood looking in silent but no doubt open mouthed covetousness, when the "Yankees" took pity on them, broke hard tack into the cooking vessel, made a dish they called "kush", and gave the hungry pair some. They really believed it was the most gustable food that had ever happened along.

A brother of Charles W. Vinson, long a leading citizen, killed a Negro whom he caught robbing the cash till of King, Crutchfield & Company, and was imprisoned for a time. He overheard a conversation between prisoners in an adjoining cell, from which he gathered that they had robbed a paymaster and hidden the money in an old building, corner of Sixth and Market. He told his brother Charles about it ,and the latter made investigation. He found \$22,500, and delivered it to the proper authority, later receiving as a reward, one thousand dollars.

Confederate guns sometimes hurled shells into or over the town, but they seldom did much damage, perhaps because the muzzles could not be sufficiently depressed. But one of the shells did Fritz Hardy no end of mischief. He had been over in the territory now called Tannery Flats, and somebody gave him a beef's head. He regarded it as a windfall of rarest ray serene, if not an actual godsend. His mouth outwatered a darkey's when he beholds the first *watermillion* of a season. As he was hieing him homeward at the best pace of which a boy like him is capable, a shell burst, right over his head, as he thought. It may have been two thousand feet above him, and half a mile to the right or to the left, but it scared him "all right enough" and he straightway devoted all of his attention to running away. Of course he dropped the precious, bovine-some burden, and of course he ran so hard, so fast and so far, that he forgot all about it and never once thought of it until he got home. And then of course he was afraid to go back, lest he should lose his own head.

These few typical incidents of days that fortunately are no more, must suffice for now. Many more will be given in the larger work which is to follow. The Chattanooga Rebel, edited by Henry Waterson, was an interesting institution of Confederate days, and that conditions were unsettled is demonstrated by the announcement which appeared so early as October 8, 1862, that no subscriptions would be received for a longer period than one month, and cash must accompany each order. The monthly price was one dollar.

In this paper, John L. Hopkins, A. D. C., published the following order:

"I am instructed to assemble the conscripts of Hamilton County; therefore, all persons between the ages of 18 and 35 who have been enrolled in Hamilton County, will report them-

selves to Lieut. S. M. Mosby, C. S. A., in Chattanooga, on Saturday, 11th, inst. They will be placed in the camp of instruction at Knoxville, Tenn. Those who are exempt will provide themselves with proper papers to procure certificates of exemption. Enrolling officers will give notice of this order to the conscripts in their respective districts."

A few of many other documents at hand, held up here as "A light for after times," and we leave this "pent-up Utica" for a while.

## THE DOCUMENTS

“State of Tennessee,  
Hamilton County:

"Before me, the undersigned, a justice of the peace, in and for said county, personally appeared Thomas H. Davis and made oath that he is a member of the firm of Davis, Caruthers & Co., of Franklin, Williamson County, Tennessee, that a Negro boy named Ebon, who was lately apprehended in Chattanooga by L. L. Carter and committed to jail by order of I. J. Browning, Esq., is a runaway and the property of said Davis, Caruthers & Co., who are residents of this state.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of August,  
1860.

Joshua S. Green T. H. Davis  
Justice of the Peace  
(Seal)

Received of John H. Swaim, jailor of the jail in the town of Chattanooga, the Negro boy above named and described, this 15th August, 1860.

T. H. Davis".

"THE ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY  
Express Forwarders

"Chatt., July 24, 1862.

"Received of J. H. Swaim, Jai. one slave named Roan, to be forwarded hence to Montgomery, Ala., and there delivered to Wm. Talley.

"It is agreed, and is a part of the conditions of this contract, that the Adams Express Company are not to be held responsible for any LOSS or DAMAGE arising from the dangers of the Seas, Steam or River Navigation, nor for accidents on Railroad, by collision or otherwise, under any circumstances whatever. Nor

are they responsible for the transportation or delivery of said Slaves, after the same shall have been delivered by them to the care of other parties (which the Adams Express Company are hereby authorized to do,) for completing the transportation or delivery. Nor are they liable for the natural death or escape of said Slaves, or injury to them from any other cause, except the actual default of their agents.

H. W. Potts.

Expense \$38.00. Expense paid jailor.  
For the proprietors."

---

"State of Tennessee,  
Hamilton County.

"Personally appeared James M. Robinson before me, I. J. Browning, an acting Justice of the Peace for said County, and makes oath in due form of law that a certain Negro boy Elick, in the Jail in Chattanooga belongs to James R. Cockrell and no other person, but is the property of James R. Cockrell in Pontotoc County, Mississippi. This 2 November, 1862.

"Jas. M. Robison."

"Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2 of November, 1862.  
I. J. Browning, J. P.

"State of Tennessee,  
Hamilton County.

"Came before me J. S. Green, J. P., Capt. Thompson and made oath that a Negro boy by the name of John, in prison in Chattanooga, Tennessee, is his property.

"Reg. H. Thompson."

"Subscribed to before me this 14th day of July, 1863.

"J. S. Green, J. P."

"Received my fee. J. S. Green."

"State of Tennessee,  
Hamilton County.

"Came before me J. S. Green, Justice of the Peace, John Gresham, made oath that a Negro girl about 13 years of age, taken up as a runaway and now in Jail in Chattanooga, Tennessee, is the property of and does belong to Mrs. M. E. Fain, of Calhoon, Gordon County, Ga., and that the said Gresham is authorized to receive said Negro girl for her.

"John Gresham."

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th August, 1863.  
"J. S. Green, J. P."

"United States of America,  
"State of Tennessee,  
"County of Davidson.

"I, John H. Swaim, of the County of Hamilton and State of Tennessee, do solemnly swear that I will bear true allegiance to the United States, and support and sustain the Constitution and laws thereof; that I will maintain the national sovereignty paramount to that of all States, County, or Confederate powers; that I will discountenance, discourage, and forever oppose secession, rebellion, and disintegration of the Federal Union; that I disclaim and denounce all faith and fellowship with the so-called Confederate States and Confederate Armies, and pledge my honor, my property, and my life to the sacred performance of this, my solemn oath of allegiance to the Government of the United States of America.

"John H. Swaim."

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this 22 day of December, 1863.

"T. A. Elkin,  
"Provost Marshal."

---

Mr. Swaim was the man who became somewhat noted as a jailor in Chattanooga, and had charge of the institution sometimes known as "Swim's Jail."

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#### "CITIZENS' REGISTER PASS

' No. 319

"Headquarters Civic Guard  
"Chattanooga, Dec. 4, 1864.

"Mr. James R. Allison has registered for military duty in Civic Guard.

"Edwin S. McCook  
Commanding."

---

"Head-Quarters Post, Chattanooga, Tenn.  
"May 5, 1865.

#### "GUARDS

"Will pass J. R. Allison, Jeweler Store, within City limits for 30 days.

"By command of Col. C. H. Carlton,

"M. Buzzell,

"Lieut. 16th U. S. C. L. and Asst. Provost Marshal."

"Chattanooga Post Headquarters,  
"Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 8, 1865.

"Guards and patrols will pass the bearer, Mr. P. L. Gamble,  
foreman of the Chattanooga Gazette, through the post at all  
hours.

"Wm. B. Gaw,  
Colonel Commanding."

### TO CHICKAMAUGA

That Chattanooga was one of the most important objectives of the war is a familiar truth of history. General Cist, who was on the staffs of both Rosecrans and Thomas, expresses an estimate of its importance held by military authorities, thus:

"In a number of places Bragg's official report shows that his army was so crippled that he was not able to strengthen one portion of his line, when needed, with troops from one part of the field, and after the conflict was over his army was so cut up that it was impossible for him to follow up his apparent success and secure possession of the objective point of the campaign—Chattanooga. This great gateway of the mountains remaining in possession of the Army of the Cumberland," etc.

Why the place was so important may have been the subject of speculation, even to students of history. The explanation has been very tersely given by Major W. J. Colburn, now living here, who was a Federal soldier and officer of long experience, and especially familiar with local conditions. He was on the staff of General Brannan, chief of artillery, Army of the Cumberland.

"The geographical influences and conformation of mountain ranges pierced by a navigable river running toward the Mississippi, marked Chattanooga as the terminal of important trunk lines of railroad and a place destined to attain great commercial importance. The same conditions pointed to Chattanooga as the military gateway to the Central South."

We have seen that the place was shelled more than once, by Federal forces. The demonstrations of June 7th and 8th, 1862, were made under immediate command of General Negley, though the troops belonged to Mitchell's division. Negley made a feint of crossing the river, but there was no serious engagement. General Ledbetter, commanding in the town, replied to the shelling with two or three guns. As matter of fact, most of the shelling and threatening from across the river were mere feints, and part of the stratagem of Rosecrans, which was one of the finest military conceptions known to the war. He employed

four brigades at points all the way from Williams Island, only about six miles below the city, to Knoxville, and caused them to make sundry demonstrations, always presenting the most formidable appearance in front of and near Chattanooga. While Bragg was alertly watching all of these diversions, Rosecrans effected crossings at four points, considerable distances below, being Caperton's Ferry, Bridgeport, mouth of Battle Creek, and Shellmound.

John Morgan was here with his command in 1862, and was joined by two full companies of Texas troops. When Buell received orders to open his campaign in East Tennessee, Chattanooga was his objective point. When Johnston retreated from Nashville, he sent all surplus stores to Chattanooga. Bragg deemed it the advantageous point for refitting his command and assuming an offensive. In July, 1862, Forrest was here with some two thousand men. In July of that year, Bragg sent three or four thousand troops from here, destined for Nashville. In August, 1862, two brigades of Cleburne's and Preston Smith's forces were sent from here. The Confederate base of supplies was here in 1863, and the entire country south of Duck River was tributary to it. It was here that Bragg made his last stand in contest for a foothold in Tennessee, writing to Johnston, "The Tennessee will be taken as our line."

Bragg had credit, even among the most eminent of his antagonists, of being a remarkably intelligent and well informed man, not only as to matters military, but generally. He occupied Chattanooga the first week in July, 1863, and retired the ninth of September following. It was not so much that he was actually driven out as that he realized lack of strength to both hold the place and successfully make the attack upon Union forces that he contemplated; his plan being to engage and drive them back or destroy them as they emerged from various mountain fastnesses, approaching this place. He took position extending from Lee and Gordon's Mill, at Crawfish Spring, Georgia, to LaFayette. The Federal general, Negley, had been ordered into McLemore's Cove, and occupied it September 9th. Bragg sent Buckner and Hindman to look after him. Cleburne was to join them for attack on hearing their guns. The first was fired, after having been long and anxiously awaited, about mid-afternoon of the 10th. The expectation was to cut through Negley's forces and proceed to LaFayette, but Negley had retired to Steven's Gap. There was much action and a deal of manoeuvreing on the part of both armies, all through those valleys, foothills and ridges, for days before Chickamauga battle began. It might have reminded participants of the words:

"Of riding and running such tidings they bear  
We must meet them at home, else they'll quickly be here."

September 17th Bragg deemed his forces in satisfactory positions,

and gave orders that a movement across the Chickamauga should begin at 6 o'clock next morning. There was delay, and the crossing was not effected until late in the afternoon, when Hood accomplished it. In the night, Walker joined him. Thomas, the Federal general, to become "The Rock of Chickamauga," moved his entire corps and closed in on Crittenden's right along Chickamauga, the 17th, and was joined in the night by McCook. The fourth division of this command moved to the left of Crawfish Spring in the afternoon of the 18th. All night they continued moving to the left, and at daybreak of the 19th had reached Kelly's farm; Baird's division in advance took position at the forks of the road, facing toward the Reed and Alexander bridges. The 17th, Brannan's forces closely followed McCook's corps and were concentrated in McLemore's Cove. In the night following, Lytle joined him with two of his brigades. Part of McCook's command closed on the 14th Federal army corps. In the same morning, Wood, a Federal commander, was at Lee & Gordon's Mill, and reported that the Confederates were advancing on his left with a strong line of skirmishers. Palmer, another Federal general, was placed, the same day, at VanCleve's left, on the Chickamauga. Wood held position at Lee & Gordon's Mill.

Col. Dan McCook, Federal, made a reconnoisance to Chickamauga Creek and burned Reed's Bridge, in the evening of September 16th. W. H. T. Walker's corps, Confederate, crossed to the west side of the stream below Alexander's Bridge, the same day, and moved up stream, opposite, about 10 in the morning of the 19th. Brannan's division, Federal, encountered a Confederate force and met with stubborn resistance. Bragg halted Walker's command and directed them to return for reinforcement of Forrest, who was engaged with Croxton's force in front of Brannan's division. This engagement brought on the battle before Bragg had his positions arranged to his satisfaction.

Thomas ordered Baird's command forward to Croxton's support, and these two forces combined drove the Confederates some distance, causing them serious losses, including numbers of prisoners captured.

Croxton's ammunition became exhausted and he was ordered to the rear. Brannan's and Baird's divisions drove the Confederates from their front. Baird learned from prisoners that a heavy Confederate force was immediately at his front, massing for attack. He drew back and waited for Bragg's attack on his right line. This was made by Walker, whose corps bore down on the waiting Federals with fury and yells of confidence, assaulting Scribner's and King's brigades and driving them back in disorder.

McCook took position at Crawfish Spring in early morning of the 19th, beyond the extreme left of the Confederate army, massing his troops and waiting for orders. A little after 10 he was directed to take command of the right and cavalry on the flank; also to send Johnson's

division to the left for report to Thomas. Then came an order from Rosecrans, directing that he send Davis's division to Thomas, also. With various reinforcements the line was formed and attack made upon the flank of Walker's corps, driving it back to first position. Brannan's division drove back the head of the column, and retook artillery which had been captured from Baird when he was driven back. Cheatham's division re-enforced Walker's and the two commands advanced with great enthusiasm. A gap was made in their lines, into which Stewart's division was thrown. They drove back Johnson's forces in disorder, and Palmer was forced to retire. VanCleve went to his support, and was driven back. Then Reynolds was overpowered, and the Confederates seemed to be having everything about their own way. Davis came into the action with his command and checked the Confederate advance. Wood went to his assistance and the Federal lines were reformed; the forces of Stewart, Walker and Cheatham were driven back to their original positions. Sheridan left Lytle's brigade to hold Lee & Gordan's Mill on the extreme right, and moved to the left in support of the new line near Wood's and Davis's positions. He helped drive back the Confederates and Bradley's brigade recaptured the 8th Indiana battery previously taken by the Confederates. A considerable number of prisoners were captured from Longstreet's corps.

At 2.30 p. m. the Confederates made a mighty assault on the Federal right. Hood's corps going against Reynolds's and Van Cleve's divisions and meeting with heavy losses from musketry and artillery. The battle now approached Widow Glenn's house, where Rosecrans had headquarters. The Federal right centre was pierced, and the Confederates gained LaFayette road. Negley, from the right of McCook's command, and Brannan, from Thomas's left, now went into the fight driving back Hood and Johnson, and keeping up the pursuit until dark, when the Federals were re-occupying their old positions. Cleburne, with a division from Hill's corps, supported by Cheatham, assaulted first Johnson, then Baird, with fierce energy. This struggle lasted until considerably after dark, with heavy losses on both sides.

For the next day's operations, Thomas sent Baird's and Johnson's divisions to new positions, Baird's on the extreme left. Palmer and Reynolds were placed on the right of Johnson, with Brannan to the rear and right of Reynolds, as reserve.

During the night, Bragg ordered in all re-enforcements that should arrive by rail, and summoned his generals to council, giving orders for the morrow. His forces were divided into two commands, under Longstreet and Polk. Rosecrans assembled his corps commanders at Widow Glenn's house, and made dispositions for next day. Thomas was to hold the Rossville Road, Brannan in reserve. McCook, with Sheridan's and Davis's divisions was ordered to maintain his picket line until it was driven back. Davis, left division, was to close on Thomas and have

"his right refused covering the position at Glenn house." Crittenden was charged to hold two divisions, Wood's and VanCleve's, in reserve, near where the line of Wood and Thomas joined, to re-enforce as needed.

Activities of the 19th had consisted chiefly of charges and counter-charges "playing for position" in large measure, with success flitting from side to side, somewhat like a working bee in honey-making time. Federal arms seemed to have gained the larger advantage, in that they held the Rossville and Dry Valley roads.

A dense fog hung over Chickamauga Field in the morning of September 20th. Both Rosecrans and Bragg early reviewed their lines, and neither was satisfied. Both realized vexatious delays regarding dispositions and movements of forces. During the night, Federal troops had constructed temporary breastworks of logs and rails, behind which Thomas's command awaited attack.

At 8:30 a. m. it came, on the left, with heavy skirmish firing, and about an hour later a tremendous assault followed, falling with full force upon the brigade of Beatty, Negley's division, which was driven back in confusion. Helms's Confederate brigade and Cleburne's division advanced on Baird's front and were met by savage fire of canister and musketry, resulting in a substantial check. Then, reinforced, the Federals drove them entirely from Baird's right and rear. Full two hours of hard fighting ensued, in which the forces of Breckenridge's left pressed upon Johnson, Palmer and Reynolds, successively; but they being each time driven back, Bragg seemed to utilize every resource in an effort to batter in the centre and dislodge Thomas's right. This failed, and the Confederates fell back to the old positions.

Now occurred one of the wildest and most anxious episodes of the whole war. Misunderstanding of real conditions by a lieutenant colonel, then error in drafting an order, committed by an aide, imperiled Thomas and the whole army to a frightful degree. What seemed to be a gap between Wood's and Reynold's forces was reported, but it was in reality only apparent, for Brannan was close by and only a little in the rear with his command, and not out of line. Being ordered to close up the supposed gap, Wood withdrew his entire command from the front, executing an order impossible of proper execution, leaving a real gap of two brigades extent in the line of battle. Before it could be effectively closed, Longstreet discovered the situation and hurled into the weakened position the divisions of Stewart, Hood, Kershaw, Johnson and Hindman, with the large division of Preston in support. Walworth and Lytle were ordered to change front and return to assist in an effort at repulse; other forces joined, but the right was turned and the Federals suffered loss of many prisoners, fifteen guns and large numbers of wagon trains.

In this maelstrom of battle, General Lytle, author of "I am dying, Egypt, dying," was killed. The Federal right was completely broken, and five brigades of that wing cut off entirely from the command.

Bragg sought to turn Thomas's left and cut him off from Chattanooga. He extended his right by removing Breckenridge's division beyond its former position, and ordered Walker's corps to that general's left, Cleburne's right on the left of Walker. Breckenridge got into position on the Chattanooga road, partly in the rear of Thomas, detached from the main body of the Confederates engaged in the movement to execute this plan. He made a confident assault, but was met by three brigades commanded by Vanderveer, Willich and Gorse, who drove him back to his original line. Thomas was in desperate plight, and sent an aide to hurry up the forces of Sheridan. A large mass of troops was discovered moving on the ridge a little to the rear of Reynolds, and doubt arose whether they were Sheridan's, coming to the relief, or Confederates. Thomas made a personal investigation, determined that they were Confederates, and ordered that they be fired upon. He placed Brannan's division on Horseshoe Ridge, and on the spurs in the rear posted the artillery. Wood was ordered to place his division in line with Brannan's, which had barely been achieved when the Confederates were upon them in savage attack, which was repulsed.

Gordon Granger, at Rossville, with three reserve brigades, noted great increase of firing at the front, and felt convinced that Thomas must be very hard pressed. Though against orders, he determined to go to the assistance, and arrived about 3 p. m. He reported to Thomas, and soon engaged in the titanic struggle of that most critical hour of the fateful day. He hurled the forces of Whittaker and Mitchell against the Confederates engaged in the deadly onslaught. Steedman, seizing the colors of a regiment, led his command in a charge. In about twenty minutes he was in occupation of both ridge and gorge. The carnage of this period was superlatively terrible. About 4 o'clock Longstreet determined to make an attempt to retake the ridge. With the familiar "Rebel Yell" conjuring up the echoes and driving them back to their lairs again, Preston's men charged heroically up the hill, supported by Kershaw's and Johnson's commands, part of Hindman's, and later by those of Stewart. With a deadly succession of charges and counter-charges the carnival of slaughter proceeded for nearly two hours, and when night came Thomas was still holding the ridge. An unauthorized order had sent Thomas's ammunition train back to Chattanooga, and there was alarming scarcity of ammunition before the fighting was over. What Granger had taken with him was distributed to the troops, and finally requisition was made upon cartridge boxes of the dead, both sides being made to silently yield up their supplies, no longer useful to them. Then bayonet onslaughts were ordered.

Much other desperate fighting occurred that day, but the Granger

demonstration constituted a supreme climax, an episode which doubtless saved the Union army from crushing defeat.

Rosecrans went to the extreme right with the purpose of directing Sheridan's movements, but was caught in the vortex, and after an attempt to rejoin Thomas, accompanied by Garfield, his chief of staff, and others, he went on to Rossville, there to determine whether it were better to renew effort at rejoining Thomas or go to Chattanooga and make preparations for disposition of his army after what he was forced to believe would be irreparable disaster. They found everything in confusion, "rout on rout, confusion worse confounded," at Rossville. Wilderest rumors in circulation were accepted as true upon mere statement, without second inquiry or even thought. They were told that the whole army was defeated and in frenzied retreat; that both Thomas and Rosecrans were killed. Part of this report Rosecrans knew to be at least "greatly exaggerated";—but being earnestly advised thus by Garfield, he came on to Chattanooga, and Garfield made his way back to the scene of conflict. Here, Rosecrans was soon joined by McCook and Crittenden. The chief was almost in collapse from fatigue, nervous tension and lack of food. The hour was about 4 p. m. While the officers were discussing events of the day and speculating as to the probable extent of catastrophe, Rosecrans received a dispatch from Garfield. He had reached Thomas and found him with seven divisions intact, and a number of detachments. He had repulsed another heavy onslaught, and believed that he could hold out. Rosecrans read the dispatch and exclaimed, "Thank God! This is good enough. The day isn't lost yet." He ordered McCook and Crittenden back to the front; directed Wagner, in command of the post, to stop all stragglers as they attempted to enter town; sent rations, ammunition, etc., to Rossville. To that point Thomas retired in the night, unobserved by the Confederates, and passed next day in making arrangements for the safety of his troops and their re-entry into Chattanooga. By 7 a. m. the 22nd, they were here, without having suffered the loss of a man in the move.

The Battle of Chickamauga was in point of tactics and of relative forces, the hardest fought and bloodiest of the war. As to numbers engaged, it ranked sixth,—Gettysburg being first, Spottsylvania next; then the Wilderness, Antietam and Chancellorsville. The losses at Chickamauga were: Federal, killed, 1,687, wounded, 9,394, missing, 5,255. Total, 16,336. Confederate, killed, 2,673, wounded, 16,274, missing, 2,003. Total, 20,950.

As to forces engaged on the respective sides, there has always been and still is, dispute. It will not be elaborated here. Authorities considered as expressing the Federal claim, say the army of Rosecrans numbered 55,000 and that of Bragg, 70,000. Those who are thought to express the Confederate view, say Rosecrans had 64,392, and Bragg,

47,321. Colonel J. C. Nisbet, who was in the battle and commanded a Confederate regiment, later a brigade, estimates the numbers at about 60,000 of all arms on each side. It seems matter of little consequence. The battle was a sublime demonstration of American valor: all American, whatever and wherever may have been the greater glory for the moment. It demonstrated that peace-loving Americans are no dillitante nor timid foemen when they conclude to fight, and suggests to peoples of this day that if they could fight each other thus, they will be foemen to reckon with, lined for battle or intrenched, fighting together for a common cause and united country. Great battle as was Chickamauga, it had no really decisive character. Little Saratoga, with only 19,000 men engaged on both sides, and losses almost insignificant, was a decisive battle of the world. Chickamauga was a big fight.

### RAISING THE SIEGE

The Siege of Chattanooga lost no time in arrival, after Chickamauga. If it did not begin at once, then like Hamlet's mother's wedding after Hamlet's father's funeral, "it followed hard upon." The plan of Bragg was to starve out the beleagured army, and he came very near to a complete success. To effect the siege he took possession of Missionary Ridge overlooking Chattanooga; occupied Lookout Mountain, and assumed control of the Tennessee River and the river road to Bridgeport. He held Raccoon Mountain, commanding the Nashville Railroad, and the best roads, in fact the only really available ones, on both sides of the river. A line was intrenched in Chattanooga Valley, extending from the river, east of town, to Lookout Mountain; and a line extended along the base of Missionary Ridge, with spurs of riflepits half way up the front. Confederate pickets were stationed so far into the valley that those of the two armies could converse; indeed, at one point they were separated only by Chattanooga Creek.

Fuel became exhausted, even to the stumps, and the Federals lacked teams for hauling from distances. Rafts floated down the river from points at considerable distance, on the north side, were the only means of supply. As for food supplies, etc., it was necessary to haul them "by a circuitous route north of the river and over a mountain country, a distance of over sixty miles." The most of them were hauled from Bridgeport and vicinity, up Sequatchie Valley and across Walden's Ridge.

When General Grant took command, his problems were to establish a "Cracker Line", feed the army into effective condition, and then raise the siege. It was vitally necessary that he be expeditious in this, so that he might send relief to Burnside, who was in desperate plight at Knoxville. For the work of opening a line of supplies, Grant had the advantage of a feasible plan which had been devised by Rosecrans.

Hooker, at Bridgeport, was ordered to cross the river and march up the south side to Brown's Ferry; Palmer to move down the river on the north side, to a point opposite Whiteside, then cross and hold the road in Hooker's rear after he should have passed.

Hazen's task was to move eighteen hundred men and sixty pontoon boats from Chattanooga, at night, to Brown's Ferry, land on the south side and capture or drive away the Confederate pickets. W. F. Smith's part was to move down the north side, under cover of night, taking along material for a bridge to be thrown across at Brown's Ferry.

October 28th Hooker entered Lookout Valley at Wauhatchie, and the river was open to Bridgeport. The achievement surprised Bragg, and he strove to reover the advantage lost. Longstreet attacked Geary at Wauhatchie in the night of the 28th, and while Howard was attempting to reach Geary, the next day, his force was attacked from a foot-hill, but the position of the attacking party was charged and captured. A sharp fight progressed for three hours, much of the time in such dense darkness that the participants could not distinguish friend from enemy except by such light as the gun flashes afforded.

By 4 o'clock the next morning, fighting had ceased and the "Cracker Line" was an accomplished fact..

November 20th Bragg notified Grant that it would be prudent to remove any non-combatants in Chattanooga, at an early moment. Of course this implied a purpose to bombard the town, but Grant believed it a ruse of war, treating it accordingly. Fort Wood was at the north-eastern part of the town, and in it were twenty-two pieces of artillery capable of reaching nearest points of the Confederate lines.

November 23rd, Thomas moved Granger's corps to the foot of Fort Wood, and caused the troops to be formed as if for parade, Sheridan on the right and Wood on the left. Their lines extended to Citico Creek. Howard's corps moved to rear of the center. The picket lines were within a few hundred yards of each other. By 2 o'clock in the afternoon, everything was in readiness for advance. The signal for it was cannon fire from Fort Wood and several other points. The Confederate pickets were driven back upon the main guards occupying various minor eminences between the Federal lines and the Ridge. That day's work gave the Federals an advance of fully a mile in position. The loss so far was about 1,100 killed and wounded on the Federal side, and approximately the same for the Confederates, including prisoners taken.

That night Morgan L. Smith's division moved to the point up river where the pontoon bridge was to be thrown across. Brannan, with forty pieces of artillery, took position to command important points opposite, and protect that where was to rest he south end of the bridge.

At 2 in the morning of November 24th, Giles A. Smith moved out of North Chattanooga with one hundred and sixteen boats, manned by thirty men each, and with the utmost silence practicable, approached the mouth of South Chickamauga, where he landed a few boats. The men debarked and surprised the Confederate guards, twenty of whom they captured. Then the remainder of this Federal force landed where the bridge was to begin. Sherman's command was soon ferried over, a steamer having been sent up from town to assist. Soon as the troops landed they commenced to intrench. By daylight, the divisions of M. L. Smith and John E. Smith were over, and well protected by the works just built.

About noon, the bridge for artillery and cavalry was completed. Infantry had all along been ferried over, and all were soon across. By 1 o'clock, Sherman began an assault on the ridge. By 3:30 he had gained the first height, with small loss.

Lookout Mountain and the top of Missionary Ridge were obscured from view of those in the valley, by clouds, but about half past three the Confederates opened fire, and skirmishers attempted to drive off their assailants. Another attempt of the kind was made later, but both failed, and Sherman had opportunity to fortify positions gained. Giles A. Smith was wounded and carried from the field.

All of this time Hooker had been engaged west of Lookout Creek, the east bank of which was strongly intrenched and picketed by the Confederates, reenforced by three brigades on the summit of Lookout Mountain.

In the morning of the 24th, Hooker attempted to cross Lookout Creek with Geary's division and a brigade belonging to Cruft's command. The bridge was seized after a slight skirmish, a heavy mist hiding Geary from the Confederates on top of the mountain, so he crossed the creek "almost unobserved and captured the picket of over forty men on guard nearby."

He began moving up the mountain, directly in his front. The Confederate forces were coming down and occupying riflepits, to contest the crossing of the bridge. Osterhaus had ascended, and there was hard skirmishing with substantial losses. The Confederates gave way on seeing their left and rear menaced, and were followed by Crufts and Osterhaus. By noon, "Geary had gained the open ground on the north slope of the mountain, with his right close to the base of the upper palisade, while there were strong fortifications in his front. A line was soon formed from the base of the upper palisade to the mouth of Chattanooga Creek."

The heights were scaled early in the morning of November 25th, and the Stars and Stripes unfurled from the Point. When the sun

rose and troops down in the valley beheld that sight, there was much of wild cheering, "that the flag was still there." For the spectacular and ardent service of surmounting those heights and planting the colors there, volunteers had been invited, and there were plenty and to spare. The honor of being there first, and planting the colors where the boys thought they belonged, has been claimed on behalf of men belonging to the 8th Kentucky, and also for both New Yorkers and Pennsylvanians. The weight of authority gives preference to the Kentuckians.

Grant, Thomas, and numbers of others were on Orchard Knob. The line was continuous from the point where Sherman had crossed the river, up Chickamauga Creek to the base of Missionary Ridge; over the top at north end of the ridge to Chattanooga Valley; then parallel to the ridge a mile or more across the valley to the mouth of Chattanooga Creek—"thence up the slope of Lookout Mountain to the foot of the upper palisade." But the day was so hazy that Hooker's operations could not be seen except at moments when the clouds would lift. However, the reports of his artillery and musketry were constantly heard, all along the lines. In the afternoon, the clouds which had so obscured the mountain top all of the eventful day, with all of its eventful and history-making activities, settled down and rendered it so dark as to quite stop operations for a time. By a little after five of the same evening direct communication was established with Hooker, and a brigade was sent from Chattanooga, to reinforce him. They met with opposition at Chattanooga Creek, but overcame it, and by night their commander, Carlin, reported to Hooker. Sherman's right was now at the Tunnel, and his left at Chickamauga Creek.

November 25th, began clear, and the whole field was in view from Orchard Knob, remaining so throughout the day. Sherman's troops were in motion by sunrise. Morgan L. Smith moved along the east base of Missionary Ridge, and Loomis along the west base, the former advancing to the extreme end of the Confederate works, and cutting the Confederates off from their base of supplies at Chickamauga Station, on the Western & Atlantic Road. A hard fight was made to regain this point, but without success. Corse, the Federal commander, was severely wounded.

The Confederates having abandoned Lookout Mountain the night before, Hooker was expected now to be crossing the ridge near Rossville, and his appearance there was to be the signal for Thomas to assault the ridge. But Hooker was detained some hours by destruction of the bridge over Chattanooga Creek, and Sherman was so fiercely beset that Grant ordered a charge, without waiting longer for Hooker. There was an hour of delay in executing this order, for what reasons and by whose fault is not clear. But when the signal of six guns, fired

in rapid succession from Orchard Knob, thundered the news that something was to be done by way of breaking what had been a long monotony of inaction to some of the Federal troops, they sprang to the work with extreme avidity. There was loud cheering as the Confederate advance was driven toward the ridge, while troops of both blue and gray went over the first line of works almost at the same instant. Many Confederates were captured and sent to the rear under fire of their own guns higher up. Many others retreated and were pursued, and according to General Grant were so placed between friends and foes that their friends were compelled to fire high to avoid killing them. In fact, this authority says, the Union soldier nearest the Confederate forces was in the safest position.

The Federal troops now took affairs of battle into their own hands and executed probably the nearest to a really unique feat of war that was known to his great four years' struggle.

Without stopping for further orders, to reform, or even to take breath, as it would seem, they pushed on to the second line of Confederate works—over it and toward the crest of Missionary Ridge, while cannon and musket balls fairly filled the air; pushed on with the zest of schoolboys storming a snow fort, while the retreat of those in front of them, not less brave, became general and was the beginning of signal defeat and end of a battle which will forever stand out conspicuous in history; that will not, cannot, be forgotten.

There were, of course, many other details; more fighting, more suffering, more retreating, more pursuit—but such in rather swift outline, was the famous Battle of Missionary Ridge. It was merely one act, one grand act by many noble actors in both these troops of gallant players on the stage of grim visaged war—one act in the mighty drama which was the Battle of Chattanooga, by which another great event of that great war was brought to an end—*The Siege of Chattanooga*.

That part of the general engagement known as the Battle of Lookout Mountain and that known as "The Battle Above the Clouds," was precisely the same engagement. But WAS there a battle above the clouds? Just as certainly as there was a battle on the slopes and heights of Missionary Ridge, or had been one down in the vales and on the hills of Chickamauga Field. Some pains has been taken, for what purpose it is difficult even to surmise, to make it appear that the Battle Above the Clouds is a myth and imposition upon history. But it was so actually a battle above clouds, that clouds had much to do with it and affected the whole series of engagements in and around Chattanooga; as for instance, the unobserved movements of Geary's troops across Chattanooga Creek. Any who doubt that there could have been indeed a battle above the clouds, need only go to the point where the principal fighting was done, any good day for cloud-hunting,

and he may see forests below his footing with clouds lowering over them and hovering in their branches as if seeking to roost there. Not infrequently he might see birds soaring above the clouds, and yet below the level of his view point.

In the course of research for facts of local history, the writer has personally interviewed numbers of men who were in the engagement, and testified to the existence of clouds below the contending forces. Scores are now living, no doubt, who could bear testimony to the same purport.

The losses in all these engagements which constituted the Battle of Chattanooga, were, according to what is considered the most satisfactory authority: Federal, killed, 757, wounded 4,529, missing, 330. Total, 5,616; Confederate, killed, 361, wounded, 2,181, missing, 6,142; aggregate, killed, wounded and missing, both sides, 14,300.

Possibly these figures seem rather small to same readers. Battles are not always great in proportion to losses. Conservation of life and limb are considerations of good generalship and war science. Casualties of battle are very seldom so great in numbers as imagination is wont to picture them. Certainly nothing was spared at Waterloo that could be thought to make for victory; yet the losses of both sides were only 49,485.

## CHATTANOOGA IN NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN

As seen, our first manufacturing plant was a plate of rattlesnake located on a tall stump. It was an oil refinery and medicine factory combined. The first actual factory was a car and foundry establishment, belonging to East Tennessee Iron Manufacturing Company, 1850. Our first store was a log cabin, which served the combined purpose of store and saloon, according to good authority.

At the close of 1917, we have upwards of three hundred manufacturing establishments, turning out more than twelve hundred kinds of articles. The Manufacturers' Association has a membership of one hundred and twenty-five firms, besides two hundred and thirty-eight individual and ten associate members. The amount of capital represented by membership is \$52,000,000, and the number of laborers employed ranges from 10,000 to 15,000. So extensive is the manufacturing interest that a permanent exhibition of products is maintained by the association, in its own building. To this the public are always welcome, without charge or exaction. A forty-eight page catalogue of manufactured articles has been published in the Spanish language for distribution in Latin-American countries, and representatives of many enterprises are constantly engaged in canvassing that great field.

One plant is now employing a thousand men who are turning out eighteen hundred shells daily, for which the concern is paid twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents a shell. Another concern, of no specially distinguishing importance, is holding itself to the task of shipping daily forty thousand dollars' worth of its own product in furniture, etc.

There are approximately forty wholesale and jobbing houses, carried by capital aggregating close upon ten million dollars. They employ from two hundred to three hundred traveling salesmen, and the territory within which trade of the kind is prosecuted, forms a radius of about one hundred and fifty miles. Mr. John Stagmaier, president of the enterprising Jobbers and Wholesale Dealers' Association, recently said:

"With eight trunk lines entering our city, and with the Tennessee River at our doors, Chattanooga is more a center for trade than any city of its size that we know of. We have only in recent years waked up to this fact, and the developments in jobbing business prove it to be a fact."

"It is only a matter of a few years until the city can double her jobbing business."

Aside from those already mentioned, there are numbers of useful organizations having municipal welfare as central purpose; among them the militant Chamber of Commerce, with a membership of five hundred, and a junior organization with a large number of members; a Builders' Exchange, a Retail Grocers' Association and a Retail Merchants' Association. The Rotarians, also, have a large membership.

Our population, including suburbs, was 105,309 when the 1917 city directory census was taken, and the suburbs are as much part of the city in every sense except a mere matter of corporate line, as are the municipal buildings, the police and fire organizations. Of the more important suburbs, seven are now municipal corporations: North Chattanooga, Riverview, East Chattanooga, Missionary Ridge, St. Elmo, Lookout Mountain and Alton Park. We are the big municipal fish, almost surrounded by lesser ones, but all are fish of importance and goodly proportions. Very recently we have acquired a suburb to all intents and purposes, just over in Georgia, which is larger than any of the older ones, and represents a pretty good-sized city of itself. It is the army cantonment at Fort Oglethorpe, with its hundreds of nice, new houses for the boys who want to go to France, and wouldn't object to eating a Christmas dinner in Berlin, if the Kaiser should invite them over hospitably. This suburb has about a dozen theaters and like places of entertainment.

In very truth, we are a prosperous community, notwithstanding some apostles of pessimism and prophets of evil.

Good wages are paid to laboring people, and fair profits reward the efforts of legitimate business. Skilled mechanics command fifty cents an hour and upwards.

We have metropolitan conveniences and advantages in all things. Less than twenty years ago, we had not even one automobile. Now there are in the county, and of course practically all in the city and suburbs, 4,377. Chattanooga has, from the day that it was named, been well provided with schools, but they were all private enterprises until after the Civil War. Now we have a high class public school system in city and county. Our fire and police departments would be credit to any city, anywhere.

Grave apprehensions of unavoidable suffering from cold this winter were for a time entertained, with good reason. Providentially, as thoughtful persons may be permitted to believe, we had delightfully moderate weather in the fall and early winter. But severe cold came December 8th, and Sunday, the 9th, mercury showed its lowest record here for December of which we know, with one exception. That was the 30th of December, 1880. The record this time was six and eight-tenths degrees—above zero being meant, of course, and that was far too low down for Sunny Tennessee.

"Prices," did someone say?

It must be admitted that prices are somewhat lofty this season. Those who suspect that a lot of "pure cussedness" is extant in this situation are probably very close to being exactly right. Uncle Sam'll get the guilty ones after a while if they "don't watch out."

None of the better parts of beef are expected at less than twenty cents a pound, and from this price they go upward and onward, according to the cupidity of dealers. Reminiscences of Civil War days and prices are being evoked. Mrs. Candace Flinn paid forty dollars in Confederate money, for a forty-eight pound sack of flour. Thomas R. Harris gave his wife a pair of shoes for which he paid one hundred dollars. But these were moderate prices compared with some of which I have often been told, as having been paid before the war ended.

This year, Thanksgiving turkeys demanded forty cents a pound for themselves, and chickens were not much less egoistic. A friend told me that his family economically eschewed turkey and contented themselves with a dollar-and-sventy-five cents chicken. Eggs are fty cents a dozen, and looking up. Butter is fifty-five cents a pound, and anticipates a rise in its affairs. Sugar is twelve and a half cents a pound, and merchants are enforcing a two-pound limit to each customer. The entire stock lies in the stores of retailers, wholesalers not pretending to have any, and they are not fooling the people for hoarding purposes.

A sugar famine is expected for about Christmas time, but relief will probably come along next month, in form of new crop Cuban sugar.

It may seem to some of you that all this current news and comment of 1917 isn't much history. Keep it a hundred years, and it will be first rate. History improves with age.

*The End.*







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